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DIAMOND

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... *July* ...

Sixty

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON CB, CBE, VD, QC, LLD, Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.

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The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. Diamond is granted, with the proviso that the Diamond be credited.

TO OUR READERS:

This column was originally written as an easy way to fill a page in the magazine, but after one or two issues it became so difficult to think of something to say that we decided to use the page to introduce the reader to some of the articles, stories, etc., that were spread throughout the whole 32 pages of the DIAMOND.

When we were unsure of the merit of the contents of an issue, we used this page to explain away our mistakes or to make promises that we never did get around to fulfilling. A dirty political trick! And from time to time we even made a plea for more subscribers or plugs from columnists in the daily press.

And now we seem to have burned ourselves out!

However, we might refer the reader to the work of our latest inmate author, Roger Prest. His story, RUN LITTLE MAN, is a different type (for the DIAMOND, anyway) and should appeal to mystery fans. . . of whom there are many in the cell blocks.

We cannot recommend that you read HOW HONEST ARE CONVICTS? This is probably a biased view and the only ones likely to concur with our thoughts are also inmates. Don't bother to read this article.

And poor Mrs. Fairclough! Even the DIAMOND has a beef about the policies of the Department of Immigration. This is really a departure from our usually chivalrous attitude toward women, but we feel our complaint is a just one. I don't imagine we will upset the Department of Immigration too much! I mean the power of the press is rather curtailed when the press is an inmate publication with a rather insignificant circulation. I haven't looked in the files lately, but it is either 100,000 or 140,001. These figures are based on the number of copies of the DIAMOND issued since its conception, 10 years ago!

And that, dear reader, fills the page. If you should want to insult anyone on the DIAMOND staff, the address is:

THE DIAMOND

Box 190,

Kingston, Ontario

Collin's Bay **DIAMOND**

I July 1960 *I*

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Census

Total Population	457	Discharged	29
High Number	5561	By Expiry	23
Low Number	3646	By Parole	6
Transfers	2	At Large	0
Receieved	30	Deaths	0

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MORTGAGE MANOR

THE CUBE

by Lex Schrag

(Toronto correspondent for
the DIAMOND)

Kicking around in the newspaper racket for 40 years, a guy gets to meet a lot of oddballs. The churl of Mortgage Manor has run into his share, and a few more. Adding them up, he'll take a hick called Dave as exhibit A. Man, like was he a cube!

This Dave was always giving himself away, see?

Nah! Not to the coppers! Hell this Dave never did anything big in his life — never stuck up a bank, never conned anybody, never packed a rod. A perfect cube, man!

It was this way: this Dave, see, would drop whatever he was doing if somebody came along with a sob story. He'd run his feet off up to the ankle trying to get them fixed up and straightened away. One thing, though, he wasn't such a soft touch. He wasn't long on handouts, or anything like that — his idea was to help the guy or dame help themselves.

This Dave, now, was a farm kid. His family didn't have much dough, and he was out in the fields, slugging away, just about as soon as he could haul his boots through the mud.

He didn't get any big deal in education, either, because he had to be out there with the old plow and the hayfork. Managed to latch onto enough reading, writing and arithmetic to look after the few bucks he made, before he had to quit school, but that was all.

This Dave lived in the back corner of a hick township where nothing ever happened—there wasn't anybody up there worth robbing. He was happy though—just too dumb to know the difference.

There weren't any race tracks or pool rooms or theatres. The joint was just a blank spot on the map. But did this Dave get wise? Hell, no! He thought it was a great set-up. Used to study in the evening. Nothing interesting, like great crime stories or horror comic books. Hah! The dull jerk spent all his time sopping up such crap as classic literature and poetry. And man! this is a laugh! He used to work out in the rube debating societies they had up there in the burdocks!

But was Dave content with that sort of dopey nonsense? Like man, you know better! The next thing, he goes

into politics. And he gets elected! Goes to show what a bunch of jerks the voters are, hey?

Anyway, while he's fooling around in this gumshoe township council of his, he comes down with a real wicked ache in the mastoids. When the croakers got through carving at him, he weighs about 90 pounds, soaking wet. Which he was, most of the time, with sweat.

Does this jerk turn wise and take it easy? Not our boy Dave, the jerk. He drags himself up by the straps of his overalls, gets back to work and into his dizzy municipal politics again, and gets to be a fair-sized toad in his dinky little puddle.

But this will really send you! Seems while he was flaked out on the hospital bed, he got to thinking he wasn't the boy he should have been. Now this Dave, mind you, had probably never used an oath, tipped a bottle or chased a woman in his life.

The churl started needling him about it one day.

"Dave," said the churl, "you were sort of repenting while you were in the hospital, eh?"

"Well, yes, I was."

"Now tell me," the churl asked, "just what would a bird like you have to repent? You ever go after any dames, or get all tanked up, or lift a few bucks when nobody was looking?"

"Why, no, churl," says this Dave, sort of startled, "I never did anything like that."

"Well, what did you have to repent?"

"It's kind of hard to explain," says this cube Dave, "but I felt I hadn't always been as kind to my wife and my youngsters as I could have been, and there'd been quite a few times in

council when I shouted the other fellows down without giving them a fair hearing. That sort of thing. Anyhow I made up my mind I was going to do better if I ever got out of that bed."

Now, will you dig that!

So this Dave gets out of the bed and pretty soon he's a well-heeled boy. He gets made warden of his county which was no great business, because there's maybe 27,000 people in the county.

By and by when this Dave can't run that old plow anymore, he gets to be County Clerk, and pretty soon he's running the county. There are some tough, smart birds on the county council, but they don't make much headway with this Dave around. He's just like a banty rooster. He braces right up to these wise guys and tells them where they get off if they try to pull any slippery deals.

And the yokels from miles around come dragging their gripes to this Dave to get them squared. You'd think this Dave was quite a wheel, out there in the long grass. Why, even the county judge, a hard old joker who'd think nothing of sending a smart lad up for 10 or 20 years, would march in and ask this Dave's advice about things.

To keep this on the level, there was one thing you could say for this Dave he wasn't a mouthy character. He was one of these pillars of the church you hear about, but he didn't make any noise about it. He nearly dropped 5 grand when the management of his biggest investment went crafty on him but he didn't bleat. Taken all around he was pretty tight-lipped until he figured something needed saying. And even then, he didn't shout—but everybody heard him.

Once or twice, he yanked the churl—and a few other slobs—out of trouble with a few well-chosen but not particularly complimentary remarks.

But hell, the guy was a real-gone cube. Nobody was afraid of him, not even the tough, wise types he'd short circuited. They knew he would leave them alone if they behaved.

He hardly ever got his name in the

city papers; nobody talked about him, much. He never had any real excitement. He was just a natural-born cube.

And yet, when this cube Dave died, his funeral was more than a mile long, and some fairly hep boys, like the churl, broke down and blubbered until they soaked their ties.

Now, can you dig that, man?

Editor: The following was submitted by the churless of Mortgage Manor, Mrs. Lex Schrag.

PRAYER OF AN ANONYMOUS (FEMALE) SAINT

Lord, Thou knowest better than I that I am aging and will some day be old. Keep me from becoming talkative, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every occasion. Release me from the craving to straighten out everybody's affairs.

I ask for grace to listen to the tales of other's pains, but seal my lips upon my own afflictions: they are increasing, and my love of reciting them becomes dearer as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that it is occasionally possible I may be wrong. Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not wish to be a saint — some of them are so hard to live with. But a sour old woman is one of Satan's proudest works. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end of my days.





POLIO SHOTS GIVEN TO INMATES

On May 17th the Ontario Department of Health sent a team of nurses into Collin's Bay to administer the first of a series of Salk vaccine anti-polio shots to the inmates.

Approximately 360 of the 457 inmates here dutifully bared their arms in the interest of self-preservation. One cannot help but admire the other 22% of the population who are either much too brave to care whether or not they are subject to the ravages of this dread disease, or are too stupid to know the difference.

It is always possible that the thought of being pricked by that gigantic needle was too much for them so they decided to take their chance, but when the average age of our population is so young, twenty-seven, the chance seems too great not to put up with a second's discomfort.

However, the majority of the inmates, even though they quailed at the sight of the needle, were appreciative of the chance to be immunized. The needle actually didn't hurt at all, so it is likely that all 360 men will show up for the succeeding shots: three more injections within the space

of three months and then a booster shot at a later date.

The clinic here followed an intensive campaign in the Kingston area for citizens and especially children... all free. The inmates of the two other penitentiaries in this area were also given the vaccine, but we have no way of knowing how many took advantage of Dr. Jonas Salk's discovery at those institutions.

Inmates, particularly those with lengthy sentences, are rather watchful of their health... having a natural desire to live through their prison term... and it is to be supposed that the men in the other area pens were equally anxious to enjoy the hospitality of the Ontario Department of Health.

I would like to be able to say that these vaccinations were given as a result of a filler in last November's DIAMOND which called for immunization of prisoners, but that would not be giving credit where credit is due. And credit is due to Ontario's health department for a well-organized, far-sighted campaign to vaccinate all Ontario's citizens.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

SHEET METAL COURSE

The Sheet Metal course has been turning out graduates since the fall of 1947 here at the Bay and is one of the oldest trade's training courses. The original instructor, Mr. G. R. Irvine, is still teaching the course and he has seen approximately 70 men graduate from his classes.

While talking with Mr. Irvine about his course, I was naturally interested in the success stories of the men who have completed the sheet metal course and gone out to work at it. Mr. Irvine told me that while most men who are successful after leaving the prison just drop out of sight, he does hear from his former students from time to time, either through the "grapevine" or from official sources, and many of them have made places for themselves in society with the knowledge gained here. One man, who must naturally remain anonymous, has been a foreman in a sheet metal plant in a small southern Ontario town for a couple of years now. By way of explanation for the relatively low number of men who have graduated from this course in 12 years, Mr. Irvine stated that he was counting only those who completed the course successfully. It was not, he said, that there were a great many failures, but it just

seemed that a rather high percentage of his students had been released on Ticket-of-Leave prior to finishing the course.

The course itself is not an easy one. As with most Vocational Training, it is of one year's duration with the first nine months being spent in intensive, full time training in both the practical and theoretical aspects of sheet metal work. The last three months are used to give the student on-the-job training under the instructor's watchful eye and after that he will most likely go to the tinsmith shop under the industrial section of the institution. Provided he is still here!

The path for the neo-tinsmith is considerably smoothed if he has a sound knowledge of basic mathematics. This is essential if he is to master the theory and problems met with in pattern-making and layout and become a *good* sheet metal worker. And a *good* sheet metal worker can earn up to \$3.42 an hour. This figure is the scale for a top man in Toronto and the apprentice in the 2-3 year range—which is within easy reach of the graduate student—can look for wages of around \$2.00 per hour. A take-home pay of \$70.00 and up.

So, having settled the incentive, I will try to give the prospective student an idea of what he will learn.

All the basic operations—seaming, edging and notching—are taught at the beginning as well as the names and uses of the various tools and machines: bar folder, pipe folder, burring machines, grooving machines, brakes, lock former, spot welder, ad infinitum. (Or so it seemed to me when Mr. Irvine was listing them!) Soldering, that patience-consuming task, has been mastered by all of this year's students and they tell me that it is just a matter of will power and practice.

The sheet metal shop itself, which was moved to a new building last year, is a spacious, very well equipped workshop and the students learn to operate almost any machine that they could possibly meet in an outside plant. As well as work benches and machines there is one section of the shop that has been set aside for use as a school room with blackboards and various educational aids. A nearby projection room is used for showing films on the

trade as a visual aid.

Eavestroughing and chimney flashing are done on the two mock-up houses complete with furnaces and basements *inside* the shop. . . I said it was a spacious shop! Heating systems are also installed in these mock-ups and that brings us to a very important phase of the course.

Great stress is laid on pattern making and layout. Each student, as he progresses through the course, must make



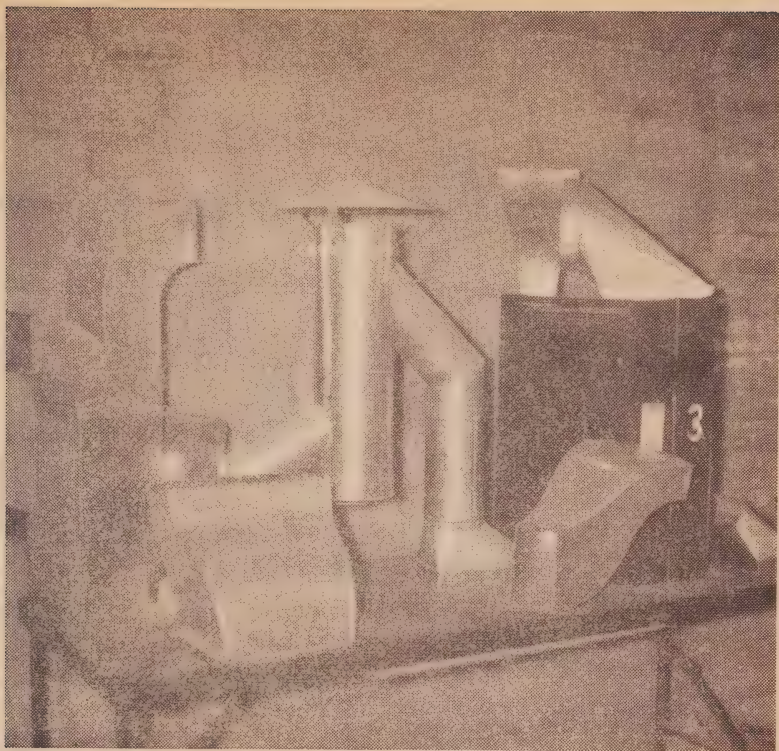
A student working on a pattern and layout for a project.



Two inmates are seen doing chimney flashing and eavestroughing on one of the mock-up houses.

his own layout patterns from the knowledge he has gained. From the simple pipe that is made early in the course to a complicated fitting for a heating unit, the student does his own layout work on each project and the temptation to take a short-cut has been avoided by not keeping the pattern after they have been used.

Mathematics, draughting and blue print reading are taught to the student twice a week in a Related Training



The sheet metal work shown in the photo represents some of the projects done by the students on this course. Left to right are: a trunk duct; a starting collar; a gravity smoke stack; a transition riser and a warm air boot.

classroom and these lessons are put to use immediately as the students progress to domestic heating layouts. A thorough grounding in the theory of heating and the use of the mathematical tables used to compute heat loss and other factors is followed by an assignment to design and size a complete heating system for a house from a blueprint. After designing several sys-

tems, the student will most likely work on the installation of a heating system in one of the mock-up houses where he will do everything but build the furnace-. Come to think of it, they even built the furnace!

Mr. Irvine, the course instructor, started learning the trade the same way as his students. . .by taking a course, albeit not in prison. After

serving his apprenticeship he worked at the trade for three years as a journeyman before coming to Collin's Bay.

While teaching the trade here, and he is the oldest Vocational Training instructor in point of service, Mr. Irvine has also taken several more courses himself. Two were courses on teaching at the expense of the federal government and the other was a heating and air conditioning course sponsored by the National Warm Air Heating & Air Conditioning Association which he graduated from in 1956. It is Mr Irvine's contention that no matter what field you work in, advances are always being made and you have to read and study to keep up with the times. If you fall behind you are not only letting down your students, but you may be in danger of losing our bread and butter. Seems sensible enough and simple, but how many of us *do* fall behind?

I was informed that while the sheet metal course is not one that the student

can breeze through with a small amount of effort, the man who is willing to apply himself and spend a few hours a week studying in his cell can master the trade. No special aptitude is needed; Mr. Irvine will teach those who show a sincere desire to learn and it is his policy to take each student as far as the man's capabilities and interest will allow. Again Mr. Irvine stressed that study is required if the student expects to pass the course and have a real grasp of the knowledge and skills required to work at this trade outside.

And the graduate student will find no difficulty getting work. He will be a trained and capable worker and there are many opportunities for good men in this line. To prove it I might add that the only success the Prisoner Potential feature of the DIAMOND had was a graduate of this course and he is still working at the job obtained for him—proof that both he and his employer are satisfied.



Did you know that the crime rate in Sweden is only $\frac{1}{3}$ that of the United States. And Sweden allows wives to visit prisoners, has open prisons with rooms instead of cells, gives inmates two days a week off for their own use (inside the prison), and also allows visitors to come into the prisoners' rooms.

However, I am sure all right-thinking people everywhere will agree that it is far better to have a higher crime rate than it is to "coddle" the criminals. Let's face it, there are *some* men who are "habitual" criminals and rather than take a chance and let one or two of these types live it up at your expense, you're better off taking it out on those who can be reformed also.

As We See It!

As you know by now, this is the column where we pass an opinion on some of the events that happened out there, on the other side of the cement curtain. And are things ever weird out there!

Fireboat — to be or not to be:

When writing this column it is necessary to try and guess what might be timely when the magazine is mailed out—about six weeks from the time that the Toronto city council officials have been a big help to us. Take that fireboat they want to buy, for instance. It takes these officials so long to make up their minds that it will still be news when our Christmas issues comes out. . . . which is some time in January. We sincerely hope that it will not require another Noronic disaster to get some action in this matter.

The Kansas City-Yankee trades:

I know it is a shameful thing to admit, but we used to be Kansas City fans and—much more understandably—Yankee haters. With all the trades that have taken place between the Yanks and Athletics, we now don't know whether to boo or cheer when Cerv, Maris, Lopez, Carey, Larsen, and infinitum come to the plate. The best solution we can come up with is to join those poor demented and lost souls who cheer for the Detroit Tigers. Tigers are in sixth place; our rooting should have them in the cellar by early August.

Dog days in Leamington:

In case you don't keep up with world news, it seems that the good citizens of Leamington, Ontario, have been cheating a little by registering their female dogs as males, thereby saving money on the license. Presumably this hasn't been confusing the animals, but it has placed the dog catcher in an awkward position. Town council has ordered this worthy employee to check the sex of all the town's dogs against the files in the registration office. Could be a touchy problem!

The new short skirt style:

We haven't actually seen these new short skirts—worse luck—but we did get a look—a very long look—at a photo of two models wearing these style setting dresses and it is our considered opinion that this new style is just what was needed to get our minds off the tense international situation. We are still young enough to appreciate the obvious advantages of skirts that stop four inches above the knees, but we cannot help but feel that we would not care to see our wives wearing these eye-catching dresses. Or rather, we wouldn't care to have anyone else see them.

SPORTS

At The Bay

By Jim Cox

In general, sports here at the Bay have been going along quite smoothly. The baseball teams have all played several games against one another and have a fair idea of the competition they will have to contend with this season. Managers, coaches and players alike have begun to know just who is dangerous at the plate and who they don't dare hit a fly ball to. Sunny H. seems to be one of the latter. He has come up with the finest outfield plays these weak old eyes of mine have ever had the pleasure of watching. (Bet I know one manager who would give up his parole just to have an outfielder like Sunny for a few games!)

And when it comes to hitting and batting averages, there seems to be more than a few Babe Ruths behind these prison walls. Kanary, Bouley, Honeyman, Ed Green are among the big guns in the Major League, while Desrocher, Siblock, Nicholas and Scott are smashing out line drives and home runs in the minors. There's no doubt about it, when any of these guys get hold of one it's going for a long long ride.

Some player trades have been put through already this year which we hope will strengthen the teams concerned, and a couple of players have been brought up from the minors for a tryout with the *big* teams. Looks like there will be quite a bit of juggling in the next few weeks before each manager is satisfied that he has all

the holes plugged. In the meantime, the brand of ball being played is real good. A definite improvement over last year from what I hear.

CAPTAINS NAMED FOR TEAMS

Last week at a meeting of all team managers with the Commissioner of Baseball, captains for each of the Major and Minor ball clubs were named. In the major league, Pirate manager Joe Smith appointed RAY DELANEY as his team's captain. Ray is an all round ball player with plenty of savvy, a good hitter, excellent in his ground play and well liked by the rest of the men. Ray also had earlier been made captain of the Sinners, the prison All-Star team.

The Braves, managed by Marve H., named as their captain, Marve's brother John. Manager Tom Lucik came up with LARRY HONEYMAN as his choice, and old bashful, 5086 the Phillies manager, named GEORGE PRESTON for the honour.

In the minor leagues, Scott of the Royals elected to have ROSS HARDY captain his team and Bison Manager Chaman chose GORD NICHOLAS to look after the duties that go along with the captain's title. Norm Powers, the Maple Leaf mentor, made PAUL KISCH his voice-on-the-field, while MacLean of the MARLINS named JIM WOODCLIFFE to the position.

Congratulations fellows. It's our opinion that better men couldn't have been picked.

ALL STARS



The **SINNERS**: left to right; (back row) Riel Desnoyers, Roger Bouley, F. Johnson, Ken Renaud, Larry Honeyman, George Preston, Bill Stewart and manager Ted Hucker. Front row: Gord Dade, Bill Clark, Ray Delaney, Dino Canary, Joe Dubroy and Marve H.

SINNERS vs C.K.L.C. SUNDAY JUNE 5th.

A baseball game is only as good as the Umpires that officiate it. That's what we've said several times in the past, and that's what was proven to us quite clearly in this game today. The final score read 10-7 favour of the Sinners, but by no stretch of the imagination did the Sinners actually win this one so handily. All the way through the game it was nip and tuck, a real ding-dong affair with the outcome always in doubt. Many sparkling plays were made on both sides (and just as many not so sparkling errors showed up too) but on the whole it was the best game we've seen in here so far this year.

However nearing the final innings of the game it seemed that the umpires began to develop "eye trouble" when it came to calling plays against the home team. Specially around first and second base. This assistance by the umpires more than assured the Sinners of a Victory, when in the last of the eighth with two men out, Weir was called safe at first after being beaten by the throw by at least a full step. This little error in judgment allowed Tom Lucik (known locally as BIG HEAVY) to smash out a home run and salt the game away for the Sinners. It's too bad things like this have to happen but I guess it's only natural when one stops to consider that none of us are in here for being HONEST.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

By *DICK GREEN*

TEAM STANDINGS

	Played	W	L	Pts.
Bisons	5	4	1	8
Marlins	5	3	2	6
Royals	6	2	4	4
Leafs	4	1	3	2

ROYALS vs BISONS

Saturday, June 4th.

Well, now! What happened here? The Royals beat the Bisons and by the fantastic score of 17 to 4. Ah yes, strange things are happening—but then this game was won on a series of errors by Bisons that really proved disastrous. Twelve of them, to be explicit! The big hitter for the Royals turned out to be Harv Humphreys, batting in six runs, while Hastings of the Bisons did his best getting a double. Was this game just luck? Will the Royals keep on winning? Tomorrow's game will tell—personally we think the bubble is going to burst.

TOP TEN BATTERS

Name	AB	H	Av.
Cojocar	14	10	.715
Budd	9	6	.667
Nicholas	17	10	.588
Dominick	12	7	.583
Siblock	21	12	.571
McIsaac	22	12	.545
Cottingham	13	7	.538
Tait	15	7	.467
Norbruis	12	5	.417
Kisch	10	4	.400

(based on 9 or more AB as of June 13)

ROYALS vs BISONS

Sunday, June 5th.

Ah yes'. Just as we thought. The bubble made a loud bang; you just can't keep those Bisons down and today they proved it with the astronomical score of 21 runs as against 15 for the Royals. Shultz started the ball rolling with a home run on an error by Scott, then later on in the top of the second inning McIssac hit a bases-loaded homer, to put his team well in the lead. The Royals fought all the way with Bell and Beliveau coming up with some mighty clouts. But in the end these scrappy Royals just didn't have what it takes to beat those battling Bisons. Sweeney was the winning pitcher.

MARLINS vs LEAFS

Sunday, June 5th.

Sunday dawned dark and dreary, and you might say this held an ill omen for young Norm Powers, manager of the Leafs. These all-powerful Leafs lost to D. MacLean's third place Marlins by a score of 15 to 5, — WOW! This was a real upset. Hardy and Allison were the big guns for the Marlins, with Hardy batting in four runs and Allison counting for two. Big Jim, the Marlin pitcher, gave up only three hits to pretty well tie up the Leaf batters, while Cojocar of the Leafs gave ten. Cojocar, by the way, got the Leafs' best hit, a double. Big Jim seems to have a very deceiving delivery—it looks as though you can hit him all over the field, but the score doesn't bear this out. A word of warning to you potential Babe Ruths, this is the kid that pitched his team to the Championship last year, (and the goodies.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

By *ERNIE WILSON*

TEAM STANDINGS

	Played	W	L	Pts.
Dodgers	6	5	1	10
Phillies	6	3	3	6
Braves	4	1	3	2
Pirates	4	1	3	2

DODGERS vs PIRATES

SAT., JUNE 4

Sloppy playing in the first few innings by the visiting Pirates made things look like the Dodgers would run away with the game, however, this was not to be. After allowing seven runs by the end of the second inning, the Pirates tucked in their big red and black shirt-tails and started playing some real ball.

With both teams in high gear the game moved along well and began to get interesting. Joe Dubroy pitching for the Pirates, seemed to be in good form even though the score at the time didn't seem to bear this out, while Kenny Renaud continued to hurl them over the plate with alarming accuracy. It wasn't until the sixth inning that the Pirate batters began to figure out

just what Kenny had on the ball, but when they did, that was all for him. Big Tom Lucik called himself in to put out the fire.

Not only did Tom get his team out of a tough spot, he also came up with a long hit that would have been a home-run for anyone but Tom. This fellow pounds around the bases like a Sherman tank with one tread off, but the runs count just the same. This one tied it up with a nine all score after someone hit some kind of a hit to send Lucik home.

Another highlight of the game came in the top of the ninth with the score reading Dodgers 12, and Pirates 10. Slim Stewart of the Pirates hit a three bagger with a man on to make the score 12-11, but is his anxiousness — or was it a goof on the part of the coach? — he tried to go all the way home. Of course he was an easy out and it is too bad, because any kind of a hit would have scored him and sent the game into extra innings. Well, better luck next time Pirates.

TOP TEN BATTERS

(Based on 12 at bats)

Name	AB	H	Av.
Kanary	14	7	.500
Delaney	12	6	.500
Ed Green	26	12	.461
M. Johnson	16	7	.438
Honeyman	27	10	.370
Dominick	23	8	.348
Griffiths	15	5	.333
Pretula	15	5	.333
Brydson	12	4	.333
Paquin	17	5	.294
Bedard	18	5	.286
Bouley	14	4	.286
Weir	14	4	.286

Players of the Month

Players of the month are picked on the basis of their value to the team, batting averages, fielding ability and the sportsmanship they show on the field. The men picked need not necessarily be the top hitters or have the most rbi's. Displays of poor sportsmanship automatically disqualify a player.

NATIONAL



LEAGUE

ROGER BOULEY

ROGER BOULEY, third baseman for Joe Smith's Pirates has been awarded the honour of being chosen Player Of The Month. Congratulations Roger and our best wishes to you and your teammates.

Roger has been around these parts for quite a few months and from what he tells me, he's going to be around for a while yet. We don't mind because he is a real credit to any sport he participates in, and that covers just about everything. In the fall and winter Roger plays football and soccer and in the summer he has proved to be an excellent baseball player. His batting average, so far this year has been consistently between .450 and .500 while the few errors charged in his fielding play have been very minor and not at all costly to his team. One thing about Roger is that his team can count on him to come up with that all important hit when the going get rough.

Twenty-six years old, (by his own system of counting birthdays), Roger is a quiet, well mannered fellow, well liked and respected by 'most everyone in here. It's a pleasure to know and play with a man like this.

INTERNATIONAL



LEAGUE

JACK MacISSAC

Jack MacIsaac, third baseman for the first place Bisons, has been picked as player of the month in the Minor League. Jack, a tall, slim, power hitter, can be counted on to come through with those all important clutch hits, and has probably done more than any other player to keep his team in first place. Jack not only is a very good baseball player, but is also one of the most sportsman-like men in the institution. This twenty-three year old is batting a phenomenal .636 and could very well move up to the Majors before the season is over. Lots of luck Jack, and keep up the good work.

WEIGHT LIFTING

By "Des" Derocher

Very little has been written about the weight lifters here at Collin's Bay. Strange really, for when one looks over toward the weight lifter's platform it's hard to see the equipment shack for fellows crowded around working out. Our weight lifting department is well equipped with bar-bells, mats, exercise benches, punching bags, and many other things which I have no idea in the world what they are used for. And we also have Big Jim Edmunds the physical training instructor, to show the boys how to execute the various exercises properly.

Often we have wondered, while enviously eyeing the bulging muscles and Li'l Abner type shoulders, just where these guys get the energy to perform such feats of strength and endurance. This prompted our reporter Bob Derocher to ask a few questions of one of these well proportioned lads. Here is what he found out.

Cecil Reddick, the man I interviewed, told me he had been faithfully following his *Weider Course* ever since entering the institution fifteen months ago. This course seems very popular

among the weight lifters and to many of them, like Cec, it is looked upon as something akin to their Bible. In any case, the reward is quite gratifying as you can see by the *Before* and *After* comparisons. Cec has supplied me with:

PREVIOUS	PRESENT
Height — 5'-6"	5'-7"
Weight — 160 lbs	168 lbs.
Chest — 41"	44½"
Biceps — 14"	15½"
Forearm — 12½"	13¼"
Waist — 30"	29"
Calf — 14½"	15¾"
Thigh — 22"	23"



Working out with the bar-bells.

It seems that this body building is becoming very popular among the men — even to the extent that every so often you are apt to hear the guy in the next cell puffin' and snortin' as he chins himself from the uppermost bars. Sometimes you'll even hear a loud curse echo through the cell-block when one of the big boulders someone has smuggled in to practice with, slips and ends up on a toe. Oh, well! Where there's a will, there's a way.

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



Father criticized the sermon, mother didn't like the organist and their daughter thought the choir was terrible.

With schoolboy instinct for fair play, the son chipped in with: "Well, I thought it was a good show for ten cents."



A teacher telling his class of teenagers about the old west, said that Billy the Kid had killed 21 men before he was 21 years old.

A girl, who had been listening open-mouthed asked, "What kind of a car did he drive?"



Six prominent Ottawa men were named as pallbearers in the will of a man who died penniless and owing them each a considerable sum of money.

"They have been wonderful creditors," he said in his will. "They've carried me this far, so they may as well see me through to the end."

R.R.G.

Our plane, flying at about 16,000 feet, suddenly began to descend rapidly. A pretty blonde sitting next to me turned and said:

"I beg your pardon — does the ringing in my ears bother you?"



During the office coffee breaks an attractive young married woman was always surrounded by admiring males, situation entirely to her liking. But despite all her efforts the office's most handsome bachelor remained oblivious to her charms.

Attempting to attract his attention one morning she coyly asked, "What's the first thing you notice about a girl, Jerry?"

"The fourth finger of her left hand," he replied curtly. (Reader's Digest)



When a man and woman marry, they become one. Of course they must decide which one, and that's where the storm often starts.

RUN!

Little Man

Jealousy is like a cancer. It develops slowly, insidiously, deep inside of you and spreads throughout your system to suddenly emerge in a blast of pain that destroys.

by Roger Prest

The big man's words had become just an irritating hum to the little man sitting in the big leather chair facing the desk.

"I am happy to report that your suspicions concerning your wife's numerous trips out of the city and other activities were unfounded," spoke Dave Manners. He wished the little man would say something instead of just sitting there staring at him. He felt very hot and uncomfortable and wanted to end the conversation as quickly as possible. But the little man needed help and Dave was his friend.

"Look Ralph," he said, leaning forward over the desk, "Norma is a good woman and a good wife in her own way. The trouble with you is that you just don't try to understand her," Dave leaned still further over the desk, as if to reach out and touch the little man with his words. "Ralph," he continued, "I want you to think very carefully about what I am going to say. I want to help you, so I will tell you the truth."

Dave felt the perspiration gathering

around the stiff collar of his shirt. Taking a deep breath he plunged on, "You need help badly, Ralph. I suggest you see a competent psychiatrist. You are wound up so tight that you are ready to explode and it's time you did something to prevent it."

Dave felt a wave of anger rising up in him as he watched the frustratingly silent little man staring impassively at him. He wished desperately that he could find a way to arouse him, to make him realize his condition. With a shrug of his massive shoulders he said, "As a private investigator, I've done all I can to help you. But as a friend, I find myself unable to help you. You alone can do that. Talk things over with Norma. Explain your feelings to her. Together you might solve your problem."

Without a word the little man shuffled out of the room. As the door closed, Dave Manners felt himself relax gradually, but some inexplicable shadow of fear seemed to lurk in the back of his mind.

Ralph Duncan walked the streets

aimlessly after leaving Manner's office, trying to calm his screaming nerves. He tried to force his thoughts through the twisted channels of his mind, but this only caused his head to ache. He was hot, tired and his feet were burning. Ralph drifted into a neighbourhood bar and started to drink; frantically trying to grab hold of himself. But the alcohol rushing through his already upset mind made him unable to resist the pressure building inside him. All the hate, jealousy and loneliness of the past five years accumulated in the pit of his stomach and squeezed at his heart. He could close his eyes, but he could not shut out the beautiful face that kept appearing in front of him.

He could see it on the table, on the glass, on the walls. He wanted to reach out and hit it; destroy it. At the same time, every fibre of his being yearned for it. Love and hate fought a soul-consuming battle for control. As afternoon wore on into night, his mind searched feverishly for an answer to end his nightmare. He remembered the first two years. . . two beautiful years . . . of his marriage with Norma.

As the memories glided through his mind he held them, cuddled them, cherished them and felt a great wave of tenderness and love rush through his veins. He clenched his fists tightly against his temples whenever he felt the memories evading him. Then the doubts, the suspicions, the lonely nights pacing the floor, the longing, the unresponsive lips, the agony and despair that followed flooded into his consciousness. His whole body shivered and trembled as he consciously fought to regain his senses. Suddenly he found himself in great need of fresh air. Shakily he worked his way along the

bar to the door and then outside to breathe deeply of the pure night air.

The little man moved slowly up the three steps leading into the big house; his hands fumbled searching for the key. The whole house was dark and silent when he finally managed to let himself in. He just stood there, listening hopefully, but the only sound disturbing the silence was the rasping noise caused by his harsh breathing.

His feet made no sound as he started up the thick-carpeted stairs and as he neared the top he stopped and stood frozen. His eyes opened wide and he felt as if a great, giant hand had caught him and the strong fingers were squeezing the very breath of life out of him. He could not believe what he was hearing.

Soft voices floated through the darkness of his mind. Soft, trembling, caressing, eager voices. A surge of blood rushed to his brain and turned to rage as he stood frozen, unable to move.

"I love you, my darling. I've waited so long," said a man's voice.

"We have waited too long," was the husky-voiced woman's reply. "We'll leave tomorrow and I'll be with you always."

The little man opened his mouth to scream his rage, but the vise of shock held his throat and no sound passed his lips. Tears rolled down his cheeks. And suddenly he felt himself grow calm, completely devoid of feeling. With fixed purpose he started for the cellar where his prize possession hung on the wall. For a moment he stared at it, one hand caressing its smoothness, then he took the shotgun from the wall, picked two shells from a nearby drawer and started the silent ascent to Norma's room again.

As he neared the door he had the feeling of being freed of a great burden he had been carrying. He pushed the door open a few, silent inches and aimed the gun into the darkened room, in the direction of the bed. His lips curled in a fiendish grin of satisfaction as the sound of the blast reverberated through the house.

Dave Manners swore softly to himself as he reached for the phone in the dark. He yawned loudly as put it to his ear, but what he heard jerked him instantly awake and out of bed. Fifteen feverish minutes later he stopped his car in front of the big house and jumped the three steps to the door. He would never forget the sight that greeted him: Ralph Duncan was sitting on the floor with the shotgun across his lap, crying as Dave had never seen a man cry before. Ralph's body jerked spasmodically with each breath and his hands tore at his hair. The little man rocked back and forth, moaning, "Norma. . . Norma" in a pathetic little

voice.

Dave Manners rushed over and shook him by the shoulders demanding, "Where is she?"

"I shot them both, upstairs. In the bedroom!" the little man replied hoarsely. "They're both dead."

Dave ran up the stairs three at a time but when he reached the room he paused, afraid to look through the partly opened door. Clenching his teeth he moved into the room and turned on the lights. Beautiful Norma Duncan lay crumpled in a half-sitting position on the bed, a shattered, bloody hulk.

Manners stood there for a very long time. As he finally left the room he did so without paying the slightest heed to the voices drifting through the open window.

"Oh, darling! I'm so happy it's all over. Now we can get married," gushed a female voice as the radio drama came to its happy ending.



VOTE DEMOCRATIC!

We want everyone in Alaska to vote a straight Democratic ticket this fall. This is important! Please don't fail us.

A Democratic Representative in the Alaska legislature, John Simon Hellenthal, has recommended that a bill be passed allowing honour prisoners to go home once every six month, at their own expense. Mr. Hellenthal feels, rightly, that this will help to rehabilitate prisoners, preserve families and cut down on the incidence of homosexuality in prisons.

Alaskans have dubbed the bill "Hellenthal's Honeymoon", and it is unlikely that this bit of proposed legislature will be a vote getter. Too bad, because all prudishness and thoughts of coddling aside, the bill would do exactly what Mr. Hellenthal nys it would.

BARRED BARDS:

Poems! Like do we get poems! It almost seems that every inmate fancies himself a poet at times and the flow of poetry coming to the DIAMOND is endless. And this poses a problem.

Even hardhearted editors dislike telling a budding author that his poem is not up to standard, but when a poem is not even up to the DIAMOND's standards, this an insult indeed. There is always one source of solace for the poet when his rejection slip comes through; he can always remember that the editor really doesn't know anything about poetry anyway. And then he can send his effort off to *The Atlantic*. They seem to know what is good, although it must be admitted that some of the poems printed in that worthwhile periodical would rate a reject from the DIAMOND editor.

So, having admitted to a very thorough lack of knowledge on the subject, I hope our rejected Tennysons will not be so disheartened that they will cease trying.

And one other problem. Plagiarism. . . the practice of borrowing a few verses from another author and forgetting to add this name to the copied work. Again, a lack of knowledge has caused the editor to fall victim to an inmate's plot. This is one where you just can't win. If I turn the poem down, the psuedo-author runs around telling everyone how he handed in one of John Masefield's poems and that stupid editor was so blank he thought it was no good. On the other hand, if I do print it, he tells everyone what a fast one he pulled and how I don't know anything. Of course, he is right, *both* times! Very annoying.

Some of these plagiarists are clever, too. They will leave out punctuation, mis-spell words or insert an extra word here or there to break the meter. Or maybe they are just too stupid to copy the poem correctly! I well remember one poem that had been sent to the printer and, after I had already corrected the proof, I discovered that someone had copied it before us. Another penal press magazine. . . it shall be nameless. . . had been similarly duped by an inmate author.

When I confronted the fellow who had had the effrontry to let himself be caught stealing another's effort, he blandly explained that the guy who wrote the poem was *anonymous*, so what harm done?

So what could I answer? However, the tale doesn't end there.

Having won round one, this inmate had the audacity to submit another poem a couple of months later. My suspicions were aroused, of course, so I had a little chat with him and he swore up and down that he hadn't stolen this one. Well, it wasn't a very good poem anyway, and it was about prison, so I thought he might have written it. To show how unprejudiced I was, I printed it. Stolen again! But I don't have to worry about this guy anymore. He's been released so maybe he will pick on somebody else for awhile.

And the following poem, which I am printing only because these pages are for the poets, was definitely not borrowed. Only an inmate could possibly come up with something like this!

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ooo

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NEW ARRIVAL

I'm just a bum,
I like this drum;
I'd stay here day and night.
I laugh with glee
When e're I see
That lock-up time's in sight.

To any sort of long parole
I think I'd much prefer the hole.
So it's no use
To try that ruse,
To pawn off being free.

No one kicks when I sit up late,
Mostly just to penitrate
Or ponder on my life of crime;
The reason that I'm doing time.

No more hurry, crowds or crush,
To locate the morning bus.
No worry here about my fate;
There's not much chance of being late.

For all my life I've tried, you see,
To find a bit of security.
And now at last I've got my wish,
It's really great,
They call me "fish".

The fellows here all think I'm nuts,
But they don't know the score;
Where else could you get a poem like this
Except on channel four.

I like it here,
I like this drum;
For after all,
I'm just a bum.

COMMITTEE NEWS

Editor: *This page is written by and for the Sports & Entertainment Committee and is un-edited.*

The summer sport programme is well on its way with the opening of the National and International leagues. The Sinners have started their year with a lopsided win and from the looks of them this year we may look forward to a successful season in that direction.

The ALL-STAR soccer team also started off like a ball of fire with a win over a team from a ship from the Auld Country that was tied up in Kingston for repairs. Although the score was one-sided, the game was cleanly played and has received very favourable comment. We shall try to have other teams from the outside in here again shortly.

We are at present organizing the field day to be held on July 1st. Our plans call for this to be a novel day and our events shall be based on our interpretation of the word novel. There of course shall be the regular events so that the annual athlete of the year award may be won. The mile race shall also receive its annual award. The following are some of the events to be held: 100 yd. dash; 200 yd. dash; Running broad jump; High Jump; Base running; sack race; Old man's race (must be over 40 years old); Wheelbarrow race; Horseshoe Tournament; Table Tennis Tournament; and Tug-of-War. Prizes shall be given for first, second and third in all events except the mile race.

Although the basic idea of a set of midway games is in fact a very good idea that was incorporated in last year's programme, we feel that the human element being considered, we shall try to see that everyone may benefit in an equal manner or shall have some participation in the day's programme.

The noon meal we hope to change from previous years in that we hope to have barbecued hamburgs and hot dogs. We feel that this would be a welcome change over a cold lunch.

The success of this day will depend on the full co-operation of all inmates and your Committee in order for all to enjoy themselves.

Your COMMITTEE

PRISONER POTENTIAL IS DEAD

Lack of interest—because of lack of success—has killed the Prisoner Potential feature of the DIAMOND. It is only right, then, that we bury it.

However, because we still feel that the cause was a good one, and because we feel that if anyone is to help solve the work problem for released men it should be the inmates themselves, the idea is being kept alive. Instead of running the usual page or two in the DIAMOND, we have been given permission to answer ads in the daily newspapers and, if we are able to get funds, we may be able to place ads also. This will overcome one of the main causes for the failure of the idea in the DIAMOND: lack of circulation.

Our aim now will not be to have an employer write in and say he will hire a man from here—that was an unrealistic approach as it is only common sense that any employer, hiring *any* man, would want to see the man before hiring him—but we will merely ask that the employer grant the inmate an interview.

In this way we hope to be able to set up one or two interviews for the released man with employers who are willing to hire a man with a record. . . providing the man can do the job as well as the man on the street. We certainly do not feel that any employer should hire a man just to give him a break. If the man cannot do a good job, then don't hire him. But if he can do the job, if he is qualified and has the necessary training, don't turn him away just because he has a record. The chances are that a man being released from Collin's Bay Penitentiary will be trained. Trained right here in the prison, on a full-time Vocational Training course.

There is, of course, more to our new approach to the employment problem than merely answering help wanted ads. At the time of this writing, May 29, we are still working out the financial problems, however, by the time you read this we should be in operation and next month we may be able to give a clearer picture of our plans.

And that is what this column will be used for in the future: to give news of our successes or failures and to let all DIAMOND readers in on our plans. We are only letting you in because we hope that you will be able to offer us some help in the form of new ideas.

HOW HONEST ARE CONVICTS??

Strangely enough, much more honest than you think!

For instance, inmates do not, as a rule, steal from each other. While in prison it is morally wrong to steal, unless it is from the kitchen or the government, but woebetide the inmate who "borrows" from another's cell.

In prison the inmates have very little in the way of valuables and it might be said that this fact alone would tend to keep the incidence of theft low, but this is specious reasoning. All inmates have very little, therefore little things become valuable in this society of ours.

A package of tobacco costs only 23¢ but in here it represents one-half a week's work to the inmate on grade one. Articles from outside, such as pens, sunglasses or running shoes, are more valuable in here because the man who buys them is spending money that he has no way of replacing. For the vast majority of the inmates, there is no source of income while they are imprisoned, therefore an expenditure is irreplaceable.

So, the thing that keeps the inmates from stealing from each other is the knowledge that it is morally wrong. It is not even the fear of being caught. From time to time some inmate *will* steal from the cell of another and, while threats of physical harm are plentiful, he is seldom caught and even if he is caught he is seldom punished. No, that is not accurate. He is pun-

ished. He is punished even more than he would be if he were battered about by a belligerent and outraged victim. He is punished by knowing that other think much less of him, that he is, in effect, an untouchable among outcasts. And that is pretty low indeed!

So here we have a paradox. Thief . . . hundreds of thieves. . . living together in a society where the theft rate is low. Whether or not the rate is lower than "outside" we do not know. No statistics are available, but it is not in the comparison of the criminal statistics that the value of this fact lies. The value is that these men, criminals all, can conform to the rule and live by them.

Why then, can they not be trained to live by the rules when outside? They can, of course, but the very fact that they have learned the laws of the prison. . . the inmate laws as well as the administration's . . . makes it more difficult for them to switch to your way of playing the game.

The standard for honesty that obtains here is that you may steal anything that belongs to the government. This is not too different from the employee who "borrows" a few tools from the plant or helps himself to that "little bit of paint that was left over". Both are taking from a large, impersonal entity and, the reasoning goes, no harm is being done.

Inmates carry this rationalization a bit further. *Everyone* outside is fair

game. Because to the prison inmate, *everything* on the outside is part of some large, impersonal entity. What is outside the wall is not real to the inmate. Particularly after he has been exposed to the prison society for a few years. He knows that there are things outside the wall. . . like girls and cars and bright lights. . . but to him they are not part of his society. And in reality he is right!

The prisoner's society is the world of the prison. Get up in the morning, sweep the cell, go for breakfast, eat breakfast in your cell and then out to work. No point in looking forward to lunch for the odds are that you will be disappointed by it. After lunch it is back to work and then back to the cell with dinner on your tray. Sleep, if you can, and then back for breakfast. Do as you are told. Don't argue with the *man*. In a word: conform!

And then, suddenly, with no change in the routine, he is released. Release means that the rules have been changed; not for you, but for the ex-inmate. He must learn to conform all over again. He must, in effect, overcome all the living and thinking patterns that he has learned while in prison, and he must *do it immediately or he will soon find himself in trouble with the law*.

The solution, or rather part of the solution to this problem has already been advanced by the Minister of Justice, The Hon. Davie Fulton. His plan calls for a pre-release period for inmates when they get short time. (Down to the last few months of their sentence.)

This plan would enable the inmate

to be taken out of the prison by some responsible member of society and shown what life in the big world is like. He would be taken to sports events, movies or even just out for dinner, possibly with his guide's family.

The ex-inmate, or rather partial-inmate. . . because he has not yet obtained his freedom. . . can be made to feel the responsibilities to your society that he formerly felt toward the prison society. He will respond to trust the same as any other individual. It is prudent to state here that there are definitely a few who will not respond. These same few are the ones who will steal even in prison and they are, in my opinion, very definitely sick. Thank someone, they are few.

The Minister of Justice's pre-release plan raised some eyebrows when it was announced via the nation's press, but it is not a new and untried scheme. Men have been released under this sort of guidance before and apparently it has been found that it works. If it had failed there would be no thought of expanding the plan to cover a majority of the inmates due for release. If this plan were used in conjunction with the National Parole Board, that is, put the inmate under pre-release guidance before granting him parole supervision, it is quite possible that the recidivism rate would take a substantial drop.

The inmates can conform. They live by the moral code of the prison so you have two choices. Either change the code of the prison to conform with society's, or give the released inmate time and guidance to help him get used to the *new* rules.

PAROLE:

A complaint and some nonsense!

Remember way back in the MAY issue when we reported the case of an inmate who turned down his parole, temporarily, so that he could finish a Human Relations Course he was taking here at Collin's Bay Pen? Well, lightening struck twice! Another chap out in the penitentiary at New Westminster did exactly the same thing.

Same type of course, same Parole Board. If I were planning on taking this course in the future I would have to keep one eye peeled for a Parole board spy. I can just see these gentlemen, sitting around a huge round table in the depths of an even huger building in Ottawa, pondering the why's and wherefore's of these men asking for parole deferments.

"Just what goes on at these weekly meetings?" one might ask.

"Well, I understand they each give a two minute talk or something like that," an aide-de-camp replies after a hurried search through a mountain of files.

"Got to be more than that," another board member puts in. "Get a man down to Collin's Bay and sneak him into the class. If we don't solve this problem we will have too many *tickets* left over at the end of the year!"

And speaking of the number of tickets left, one of the DIAMOND staffers asked if I had put in my application yet and when I said, "No," he said that I had better hurry because there had been so many come through lately that there couldn't be many left. (Well, I thought it was funny. Must have been the way he said it!)

And speaking of paroles left, I get the information right from the horse's mouth when an inmate receives his turndown or favourable action. The horse being the inmate himself. This is all very well when the man comes from the warden's office with a big smile on his face and tells me what a fine bunch of fellows the Parole Board is made up of, but it's murder when the guy who has just been turned down comes in the office looking for someone to tell his troubles to. Needless to say, he doesn't think the Board are quite as nice as the previous fellow thought.

The rejected parole applicant usually comes into the office in a belligerent manner, plumps himself down in the nearest chair

and starts in to bemoan the fates that led him to such an accursed place as this, with its “*%&*\$?” administration, . . . parole board and even this “*%\$()*:;;*\$” DIAMOND. The DIAMOND always rates a longer string of abuse than anyone else.

At this point I usually interject the comment, “Got your turndown, eh?”

“Yeh,” is the growled reply, “just like you’ll get yours when the time comes.”

I never fail to wince at this depressing bit of commentary, but it is nevertheless probably true. Everyone can’t be paroled.

“Do you know why they turned you down?” I meekly ask.

“No, I don’t,” is the reply. Always it is, “No, I don’t know why they turned me down.”

And this brings us to our complaint for the month of July. Why doesn’t the Parole Board inform a man as to why his application has been turned down? It seems to me that this simple procedure would not only save a lot of wear and tear on the editor’s ear, it might even lead the man to correct his faults so that he may present a more favourable case to the Board in the future.



NIGHT YARD BRINGS BENEFICIAL BY-PRODUCTS.

Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Greatix, officers in charge of the laundry, have passed on the word that in view of the fact that the change room men will be working longer hours we can now have clean pants every week instead of every other week as in the past. This is a direct result of the loss of the daily exercise period which was exchanged for the privilege of night yard three evenings a week.

According to Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Greatix, we can look forward to a weekly change of sheets in the future if the combination of some new equipment and the development of a community spirit show up in th laundry during the next few months.

IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

IS UNFAIR

TO FOREIGN FELONS!

We are not prepared to start a new trend by saying something nice about the Department of Immigration, so, like all other publications, we have a complaint to air. This concerns the keeping of men *after* their sentences have been finished.

Our complaint is not nearly as sensational as the Irene Rebrin affair, nor is it wasting as much money as the multi-million dollar building the Immigration people built on the St. Lawrence is designed to, but it does effect people—and very wrongly we feel.

Our little problem has to do with the deportation of men who have been convicted of a criminal offence and are therefore undesirable aliens as far as Canada is concerned. We do not question Canada's right to deport them—we have enough indigenous trouble-makers without the imports—and it is only right that they should serve their sentences. Otherwise we might start getting a reputation for leniency! But why should they have to serve more time than they were sentenced to do?

To take a hypothetical, but perfectly probable, case: A man who has been sentenced to five years under the Canadian law is ordered deported after he completes his sentence. With the

best of behaviour while in prison, this man is eligible for release after serving 3 years, 10 months and 10 days. This is not parole. This is his sentence minus time earned for good behaviour and applies to all inmates. Doing a sentence of this length, it is reasonable for the man to look forward to his release day and some time after the second year he probably makes inquiry as to the exact day of his emancipation and sets his mind on that day. But because he is a prospective deportee that day usually comes and goes without his setting foot outside the wall. The Department of Immigration has only had about three and one-half years to settle the man's fate, but when he is due for release they *start* working on it.

Usually these men are friendless and fundless, know very little about their legal rights and are ill-advised by inmate friends. It is not uncommon for men to be held in Canada's prisons awaiting the pleasure of the Immigration department. One Maltese man served an extra six months after the completion of his sentence waiting for transportation to Malta to be arranged by the department. During this period he is not in any way informed as to when he may be released, what is being

done or what *he* can do. The prison officials are instructed to hold the man and there the matter ends, apparently.

These unfortunate men wait for years to finish their sentences and then are kept waiting indefinitely when it is finished. Can you possibly imagine how it effects a man to be held after his release date? When a man has completed a sentence of some length, it is not an uncommon feeling to come to believe that your release day is not really going to come. That is, you know you are going out because you have your shoes, your suit and your picture has been taken, but after all that time you find it a little hard to believe. For those being deported, they dare not believe.

It may be that the Department of Immigration takes the view that by treating these men as unfairly as possible they will not return to Canada for another try at crime. This is, of course, a point of view that must be considered, but it is most likely that the judge or magistrate considered, this when he passed sentence. On the other hand, most of these men are first offenders or they would not have been allowed into Canada at all. So we are punishing a little more than is necessary, a man that statistics show is most likely to reform. This man's ambitions are not very high as a rule. All he wants is to be an *ex-convict*. But he would like to attain this status on the

appointed day!

We stated before that most of these men have no friends and little or no money. Herein lies the cause of much of the trouble. If one has money to retain a lawyer he can get action from the department or, at the very least, he can pay his own transportation and thereby be released earlier. However, would it be too much to expect the Department of Immigration to start work on these cases as soon as the sentence is passed and be ready for the man's deportation on his release day? In the event that they must wait for a boat—it is always a slow boat and takes much time to arrive—could they not possibly prepare to release the man a month or two early so he could be on the way home before his sentence ends. Which is the greater evil; to let him out early or keep him after his time is finished? I suppose it depends upon your attitude, but I think Christians will agree that the latter alternative is unfair to the man.

As Canada is getting rid of him anyway and he is not likely to hold much love for our country, why not save as much expense as possible and get these men out of the country as soon as the deterrent of punishment has been satisfied?

What is to prevent it? Most of them are only too glad to leave Canada and we are equally happy at the prospect of deporting them.



Willie (The Actor) Sutton, master safecracker, bank robber and escape artist, has calculated that if you totaled up all his years spent in prison at time worked and all his loot as wages, his pay would figure out to seven cents an hour.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I believe it is about time to renew my subscription to the DIAMOND, so I enclose one dollar to continue receiving your interesting magazine.

In your April edition you refer to the comments of a Western penal Press editor and his remarks on the DIAMOND. I believe it would be quite interesting if you devoted one page of your magazine to comment on their penal publications.

I enjoyed the article on the new dairy barn. It is certainly a modern set-up.

Keep up the good work on the magazine.

Yours truly,
K. W. L. McAuliffe
Toronto

Editor: *We are giving consideration to your suggestion that we have a page of comment on other penal magazines, but there are some very definite problems involved. For instance, the time lag between writing an article and seeing it mailed out in magazine form is about two months. In our April issue we took our western friends to task for a criticism and by the time our rejoinder was printed that same western magazine had chose the DIAMOND as one of the top Canadian publica-*

tions! They must think we are ungrateful. . . .

It is a good idea, though, and maybe we can find time and space for an "Exchange" page some time in the near future.

Dear Sir:

I enjoy the DIAMOND magazine very much and also pass it along to some friends.

I am interested in prison life and what the men there like to do. For instance, what they read and what their hobbies are. While visiting at Collin's Bay I noticed some lovely hand-tooled leather purses. Were they just for display or were they for sale?

Every success on your magazine.

Yours truly,
Mrs. L. Arbour
Sault Ste. Marie

Editor: *Thanks for the letter Mr. Arbour. We will certainly try to get in a few articles on the men's hobbies as they are probably of interest to a majority of our readers*

By the way, the leather-work and other hobbies on display in the prison visiting room are for sale! Just as the censor on duty if you should wish to purchase anything. I might also refer you to the opposite page for some information on prices.